Let's find the sunny side of men. Or be believers in it, A light there is in every soul That takes the pains to win it.

Oh! there's a slumbering good in all, And we perchance may wake it: Our hands contain the magic wand; This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts, Shed light and joy about them! Thanks be to them for countless gems We ne'er had known without them. Oh! this should be a happy world To all who may partake it! The fault's our own if it is not-This life is what we make it.

## "OUR DOUBTS ARE TRAITORS."

The moonlight falls softly on the sleeping flowers; the musical splashswaying poplar, breaks out in a burst accounts, she is dying slowly." of heavenborn melody.

She smiles-such a bright arch smile! Somehow, it reminds one of sunlight dimpling on the ripples of a little brown babbling brook.

"How often must I declare the truth of that simple fact, Sir Malcontent?" she cries, gayly.

"If I could only be sure," he sighs. It seems, sometimes, as if all this was that she is: too good to be true. Perhaps you will to-morrow-"

foolish mortal, will you never learn to gine seems to echo it; take the goods the gods provide?" she cries, mockingly. "But here comes Sir John. So, for the present, adieu; and do try and cultivate a more cheerful frame of mind.

Then, with a gay little nod, she goes off on Sir John's arm, and plunges once more into the whirl and stir of the faintly crowded ball-room.

Lionel, left to himself, falls into a gloomy reverie, from which he is roused with a start by the sound of voices from behind a bank of ferns near by.

"Yes, Milly is very lovely; there is no denying that," he hears a woman's voice saying; "but oh! such a shock-ing flirt. She has broken more hearts already than you can count, though she has only been out a few months. And she never seems to feel the least pity for her victims; she is perfectly

"They say that young Lionel Stanley is hard-hit in that quarter," puts in a masculine voice.

"Is he? Oh! poor fellow. He will suffer the fate of them all, I fear—yes, I remember now hearing her boasting of her success in that direction. By After awhile, her eyes c by, the handsome—' Here the speakers move away, and

Lionel loses the rest. But he has heard enough.

His heart is filled with bitter pain; for his idol is shattered: the woman to whom he has given the deepest and warmest love of his honest soul is proven utterly false.

With a low stifled moan, he turns his back on the light and beauty around him, and strides away in the

It is the morning after the ball, and Milly is in the garden. She is singing

## "Mistress Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow?"

Suddenly she sees Lionel in the lane He has just sprung from his horse.

cheeks are fanned to a delicate pink I eared for you until I lost you. by the warm spring air; little stray curls of her fine bair blow about her he moans, drearily. face as she comes; her dainty white "No," she says, with a tender little dress is caught up lightly in one dimall aglow with youth and happiness.

Foor Lion drinks in the radiant visferns; but you never stopped to think ion with gloomy eyes.

He looks white and haggard : like a

"Stop!" he cries, hoarsely, as she nears him, and is about to lay one hand more, dear." caressingly on his arm. Then, for the life of him, he cannot

utter another word, but stands gazing after the story of their love had been at her in dumb heart-stricken misery. Milly shrinks back, and the laughter dies out of her eyes.

"Why, Lion," she says, anxiously, "what has happened? Why do you look so white and strange?"

"The last time? What do you on our ears. mean? Lionel, how can you?" she

cries, with a little sob. "It is too late for such acting," he answers, roughly. "I am no longer blind-no longer to be deceived by

your specious arts." She grows very white, and sways backwards. But, before she can fall, he has caught for in his arms, and is kissing passionately her flower-like face, her hair, her tiny hands.

Then, with a mighty effort, he reand without a backward glance, leaps upon his horse, and rides madly away. She stands for a moment where he has left her, a dazed half-stunned look hat. on her face, then falls heavily to the

And the poor forgotten roses lie at petals, that already have begun to way. droop and fade, under the increasing warmth of the noonday sun.

Months have passed. It is a cold blustering day in March. Handsome Jack Dudley, lounging idly in the window of the club-room, frowns darkly, as he meditates on the unpleasant- me for?" ness of matters in general.

On a sudden he starts up, and hasti- handled feather duster." ly leaves the room : a look of pleased surprise illuminating his hitherto

This Life is What We Make It. sauntering slowly down the avenue. gladly, "where did you spring from?"

down in your shire?" he says.

passers-by: for Lionel, though much

fit, Jack says, suddenly:

mers Lionel, breathlessly. "Haven't you heard? They say she ing of the fountain is faintly heard; has never recovered from that attack a nightingale, swinging aloft on a she had last summer; and, from last

"Dying?"

Then it all comes back to Dudley "Millicent," he says, eagerly, "can it indeed be true? Are you really begin-indeed be true? Are you really begin-last season.

Don't take it so hard, my boy! She

But he gets no further: for Lion, and maybe I'll find out. There comes shaking off his detaining hand, rushes Snuffy with eatnip tea. I'm going to blindly away.

He never stops till he is in a railgo where I want them to? "But you you are so changeful, dar- way-carriage, flying along as fast as ling—sometimes almost cold. And steam can carry him to his poor ill-you have had such armies of lovers! used darling, as he now feels convinced

tell me to-night that you love me, and word seems to beat into his brain. It keeps time with the whirling of the "Let to-morrow care for itself. You wheels. The shrill scream of the en- eat it," she sweetly replied.

> "Dying!" He has loved her, and lost her; but, please heaven, he will see her once ued.

Meantime, in an invalid-room, far away, a fair girl, with her head in the lap of an older woman, is saying,

"Aunt Mercy!" "Well, my darling?" "Do you think he will come?" "My love, I cannot tell. But if our nessage reaches him, there can be no

doubt of it. "Do you know, something seems to tell me he is not far off. Oh, if I could only see him once more before I die!" The words have a ring of passionate pain, that goes to gentle Aunt Mercy's

"My poor Milly!" she murmurs, pit-

Milly is now but the wan ghost of chair by the western window, where she can watch the pale spring sunlight

After awhile, her eyes close, and the-way, Major, did you hear that story of her flirtation with Captain Gran- she is asleep, and rising, softly leaves not appear to before we were may the room. An hour passes.

Still Milly sleeps on, smiling now and then, as if her dreams are pleas-

Suddenly, the door is pushed open. and some one comes in with a faltering step. At sight of the fragile figure in the great chair, he utters a low cry, and crosses the room in two strides; and Milly wakes to find the face she has dreamed of bending over

her, in an agony of pity and grief. "Lion," she says, softly, "you have come? Oh, my dear," she goes on, "I have so longed to see you, to ask you to forgive me. Hush! let me say my say now-indeed, you misjudged me. dear! It is true, I was changeful and ner and runs down the path to meet him. capricious; but never to you. For the first time, I really loved. And, What a picture she makes! Her with a sob, "I never knew how much "My love, my love! I've killed you!"

smile, "it was just that I could not pled hand; the other is full of great live without you. I know all about it, dewy roses; and her bright eyes are Lion; how you overheard Lady Stanthere might be a design in it all. Yes, it was meant for you to hear. Lady man just recovering from a severe ill- Violet has always been an enemy of mine, and she knew you were there. You might have trusted me a little

> "But you will get well for my sake?" whispers Lion, tenderly, an hour later,

gone over, again and again,
"I will try," she returns, with a happy smile, which itself is an augury of

We will leave them now to their new-found happiness, their now certain pired. Brokers sometimes accept "You know why!" he answers, bit-terly. "No, do not be alarmed. It is at the pair, the dying rays of the sunnothing to cause you an instant's pain; light are lingering lovingly on Lionel's only one mere victim driven to de-spair. I am a fool to be here now; the wealth of her glorious hair; and on your deal. It has a patent right but I could not go without seeing you the sound of distant wedding-bells, a premonition of their own, falls softly related by marriage to a stop order.

## A Cruel Shock.

Dressed for church, she stood before the mirror admiring hsrself, and mentally observed that she never had appeared more lovely. The candid critic, however, would have declared that her figure was not in just proleases ner; almost flings her from him; actually was, in consequence of a lieve that there is nothing in the hous-

"Yes, I know I am handsome," she said; "but I can't help it;" and turn- fee. De water is been abilin' dis la her feet. And the morning dew has ing to go out, caught sight of her lit- half hour." all vanished from their dry parched the brother standing in the door-

"What are you doing there, Bob?" she asked, sharply. "Looking at you, Fanny?" returned

the artless child. "What do you want to be staring at

"Catise you look just like a long And sitting all alone in church that morning she wondered how she

A BARY'S SOLILIQUY .- I am here. Why, Lion, old fellow." he cries, And if that is what they call the great gladly, "where did you spring from?"
Lionel Stanley turns, and grasps
the speaker's hand cordially.
"Jack Dudley, as I live! What are of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful you doing in town at this time of the light world, too, and makes me blink, year, when the hunting is so good I tell you. And I don't know what to "Oh, the same old story: that beast- do with my hands; I think I'll dig my ly lawsuit," answers Jack, shaking his fists in my eyes. No I won't. I'll scrabble at the corner of my blanket Dry Goods, Notions, Groceries and blonde head savagely.
"Is that not decided yet?" querries
Lion. "But come: walk down with
whatever happens, I'll holler. And Nothing loth, Dudly complies, and the more paregoric they give me the the two saunter slowly on, meeting louder I'll yell. The old nurse puts with many a glance of approval from the spoon in my mouth sidewise like, changed, is still a goodly fellow to look and keeps tasting my milk herself all on, and they make a handsome pair, the while. She spilt snuff in it last After all the choicest bits of gossip night, and when I hollered trotted me, have been retailed for Stanley's bene- That came of being a two day's old ba-"Isn't it sad about poor Milly Carle- by. There's a pin sticking me now, and if I say a word about it I'll be "Sad? What do you mean?" stam- trotted or fed, and I would rather have catniptea. I will tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush, don't wake up Emeline's baby;" and I suppose that pretty whitefaced women over on the pillow is But fairer far, in Lionel Stanley's eyes, is the beautiful woman by his so altered that Jack starts, and turning. Sweeter far to him is her low-toned laughter than the ripple of the fountain or the nightingale's passion.

The voice that repeats the word is so altered that Jack starts, and turning, sees Lion, with a lace from which all vestige of color has vanished, gaz-to see Bob's baby, and looked at me Jobber's and Manufacturer's Agents, and General Merchandles and Said, "I was a funny little toad,"

Correspondence Satement. and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars. I wonder what else I belong to. Yes, there's another one-He says, contritely: that's "Gamma?" "It was Gamma's "Lion, forgive me! I had forgotten. baby, so it was." I declare I do not

## Off Her Feet.

know who I belong to; but I'll holler,

"Dying! dying!" The horrible "Will you have a plate of ice cream dear?" he asked.

"No, I thank you; I very rarely

"Well, do try a dish of those strawberries, won't you, pet?" he contin-

"No, Alfred, they are so high priced and I really care very little for them, she answered.

"I'm so very sorry," he said, with an insane desire to plunge his head into a butter tub. "Now, you must, book, soda.'

"You'll have to exuese me, but I only care to walk along with you, dear," he replied.

"He could resist the temptation no longer. "Will you-will you-be my darling, wifey, my sweetest?" he ex-They were married that month

her former self. She rises, with a sigh, Late in August when she had bankand takes a seat in a great cushioned rupted him on ice cream and 10-cent California pears and soda water, he sadly remarked: "I thought you did not care for

"Oh, yes, I remember that time you refer to, Mr. Smith. I was a trifle careful what I ate just then," she answered and Mr. Smith buried himself in reflection.

## Stock Definitions. What is a bull?

A bull is a person who talks much the depots and business part of the of the prosperity of the country, the town. vast earning capacities of the railroads, the big crops out west, and then cats a ten-cent sandwich for din-

A bear is a person who talks much of the depressed cendition, too many railroads, and that everything must go to smash. In the evening he occupies a front seat in the crack theater of the town.

What is a broker? A broker is one who, in considera-

tion of a certain commission, properly sees to it that you "go broke." What is a put? A put is an instrument in writing

which secures to you the right of putting your money where you will never see it again. What is a call.

A call is an instrument of torture benevolently issued by a capitalist. The profits you thought you would make generally begin after it has exthem as a margin.

What is a margin? related by marriage to a stop order. What is a stop order?

A stop order is an electric machine used in firing you out of the mar-

## Housekeeping Intelligence.

Mrs. Mollie Bigman, a newly married Austin lady, does not know anything portion, for she was very tall and thin | whatever about housekeeping, but she and her height seemed greater than it is anxious to have her husband bebunch of ostrich plumes that floated keeping line that she does not know. in snowy masses over her white He happened to be in the room when the cook came and said:

"Will you please gib me out the cof

"Let the water boil, Matilda," replied Mrs. Bigman calmly; "the longer it boils the stronger it will be."

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sleep. I wonder why my hands won't GEN'L. MERCHANTS



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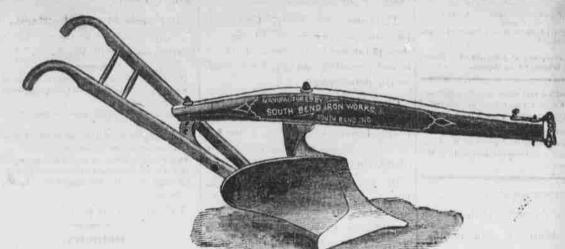
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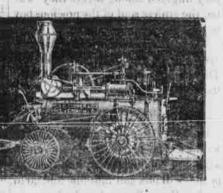


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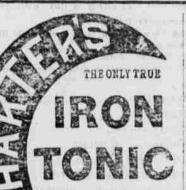




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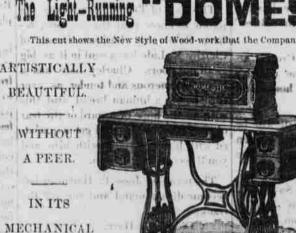
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